

Lake Malawi, Always June

when will you let me go?
so many things that we don't show
I visualize you now
we're in my car
we're driving home

no one knew
that it would end so soon
it's always June
these things happened in June

so why do I still hold you?
I still hold you
when nobody does
the sky is made of iron
made of iron
Caroline, she smiles

give me another day
maybe the tides are gonna turn my way

Richard PARKER AND ME
WE ARE SAILING NOW
WE ARE HUNGRY AN WEAK
BUT WE WEILL BE OK

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I still hold you
when nobody does
the sky is made of iron
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